

“We wish also to extend our profound sympathy to his afflicted widow, and to the other members of the family.”

It is proper for me to say, that some of the data in reference to his career in Madison have been kindly furnished me by Dr. Lyman C. Draper, of this Society; but the most of them were given me by Professor Carpenter himself. I happened to get them in this way: The publisher of a Philadelphia Literary Journal—*Robinson's Epitome of Literature*—requested me to write a few biographical sketches of Western literary men. This I agreed to do. Professor Carpenter and I were intimately acquainted, and very fond of each other. Like school boys we used to wait for each other at the post-office in the morning, so as to walk together to the University. One morning as we were making our way up State street, I told him of the request made to me, and added, that I had made up my mind to begin with him, requesting him to furnish me with notes for the basis of such a sketch. With his scholar-like modesty, he shrank from having anything to do with the proposed memoir; but consented at last to prepare some notes in regard to the facts. These notes I made such use of as my judgment and knowledge of him and his works dictated; and just before his departure for Geneva, I was able to show him proof sheets of what I had written. He read the proof and returned it to me, stating the facts were all correct, but that he thought I had been rather lavish in my praise.

It did not occur to me then that the last tragic part of this sketch would need to be written for twenty-five years to come! But so uncertain is our hold upon life! The epitome was received by me on Friday, the sixth of December, and on the seventh he passed away from earth. He did not, consequently, live to see a copy of it. I was in Chicago on Saturday, chiefly on private business, but partly, too, for the purpose of negotiating with my publishers for the issuing of his new work, the *Beowulf*. There I stumbled upon a paragraph in the *Chicago Journal*, containing the appalling news that my friend was no more.

In the premature death of Professor Carpenter, the country has lost an able educator, an erudite scholar, an able and lucid writer; the University has been robbed of one of its most efficient